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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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OUR GIFT CONTEST.

Read the Offer and Begin Work at Once.

Our readers should bear in mind the grand prize contest announced three weeks ago. The prize is a magnificent two-volume, unabridged Dictionary, bound in full morocco. The work contains 2,338 pages, royal octavo, with several thousand illustrations through the text, and numerous full page colored plates. It gives the spelling, derivation, pronunciation, and definition of every word in the English language. It has, besides, a copious appendix giving lists of proper and geographical names, quotations from foreign languages, and a vast amount of general information.

We give away three sets of this splendid work: one set to each of the three persons who will send us the largest number of yearly subscribers before Jan. 31, 1899, as determined by the postmark at the office where the letters are mailed. The names need not all be sent at once, but should be mailed from time to time as they are secured. A careful record will be kept of the number to the credit of each contestant. The names and postoffice addresses of the three winners will be announced in this column in the second issue of February.

The winning clubs will not have to be very large. In the contest for this same prize in November the winners were William Orr, Crary, N. D., for a club of 41; John H. McGee, Ironton, O., for a club of 37, and Levi Morris, of Crescent City, Cal., for a club of 31. The raising of clubs of this size was a very easy way to earn a magnificent set of standard books, the publisher's price of which is $26.

It must be remembered, too, that this prize is given in addition to all other premiums. The contestants receive, in addition to the Dictionary, whatever other premiums their clubs call for, according to our various offers.

We will gladly send sample copies needed to assist in the canvass, and we know that any one who sets out to win the prize will be surprized to find how easy it is now to collect subscriptions for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE with the book offers we make to every subscriber, whether sent direct or through a club-raiser. Before starting in, read carefully our book offers printed on other pages of the paper.

DON'T get in too big a hurry to end the 19th century. This is not the last year, as many suppose. We shall write a great deal of history before the 20th century begins.

THE American Flag floats over the whole of Cuba, and not a riot, not a life lost, not a single unpleasant incident marked the transfer of sovereignty. Europe will learn that we can handle colonial dependencies quite as successfully as we can fight battles and conduct diplomacy.

SOME Southerners are deluding themselves with the idea that at last the distinction between having fought for the Union and fought against it—between Loyalty and treason—has been obliterated. It would be an exceedingly unfortunate thing for the country if such were the case.

HENRY WATTERSON, always startlingly original, wants the Democratic party to make an absolutely new departure in 1900, by an abandonment of all previous history, discarding all platforms and nominating two candidates who will be a platform of themselves. His ticket would be:

For President, George Dewey, of Vermont.

For Vice-President, Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

Platform—"The Stars and Stripes, God Bless Them."

As we foreshadowed last week, the more sober-minded of the ex-rebels see the impropriety of the act at Atlanta, and hasten to say that it was not really a rebel badge after all. They claim that it was "a special badge—one improvised for the occasion. It had on it McKinley's picture, and imprinted on it in silk were his words delivered in Atlanta concerning the graves of Confederate soldiers." All the same, it was telegraphed all over the country that it was a rebel badge, and the remarkable outburst that followed was due to the statement that a rebel badge had been pinned upon the President's breast, and that he had worn it.

WHAT OF THE NEW YEAR?

The year 1899 has now opened.

President McKinley has begun the last quarter of the second year of his Administration.

The veterans of the country have waited most patiently through all the past 21 months for him to give them the relief from the hardships and injustices of Cleveland's Administration, which was a great part of the issues of the campaign of 1896.

Twenty-one months is a long time to wait, especially for veterans of the war of the rebellion, for they know that the years, and months, and even days yet remaining to them are few.

The first year they waited patiently, because they appreciated the disorder in which Mr. Cleveland had left the National establishment, and that time was necessary to get the Treasury and the finances in proper shape and to put competent men at the head of the various Departments and subordinate Divisions. They felt certain their turn would come in due time, when the President could feel free to give attention to the wants of his old comrades.

They could wait for offices and pensions until he made the big men Secretaries, Embassadors, Ministers, Commissioners, Collectors, Judges, Marshals, etc., and until the new tariff could fill the Treasury, and stop the buying of gold. There is nothing like the patriotic patience of the veterans. It is one of the many lessons they learned in the army.

The second year they had still more urgent and patriotic reasons for patient waiting. The country had become embroiled in a foreign war, the dimensions of which no one could foresee. It was their duty to forget self, and give the most enthusiastic help they could to him in the momentous duties that suddenly devolved upon him. Their worst enemies could not but admire the way in which they did this. Beyond all question, the most loyal, ardent, uncriticizing supporters of the President in the whole country were the veterans. Another lesson of the war of the rebellion. They stood by him in all that he said or did as they stood by Abraham Lincoln in 1861–5.

Now the Spanish war is over, and all its problems conclusively settled, except the minor details of the Government of the acquired territory, which are being worked out by our Generals assigned to the duty. The revenues of the country are greater than they have been at any time since the war, the Treasury is so overrun with gold that it is making unusual efforts to return it to circulation. All of the President's appointees have had more than a year in which to get acquainted with their duties. There never was a time when a President could feel at more leisure for any special work on hand, and we respectfully but earnestly urge President McKinley to employ it in consideration of what is due his long-waiting, long-suffering comrades.

In the first place, there is the Pension Bureau, which is the source of infinitely more just complaint than anything else connected with his Administration. It alone of all the Departments and Bureaus shows no change from its management under his predecessor, whom it made exceedingly unpopular. The only difference is that Henry Clay Evans now signs as Commissioner, and draws the pay, instead of Wm. Lochren. All of Mr. Lochren's obnoxious orders and practices remain in full force, the same little ring of perniciously active obstructionists controls the Bureau, and continue it the same engine of cruelty and injustice it was under Cleveland. All this is the more grievous because the veterans and their dependent ones are six years older than they were at the commencement of Cleveland's Administration, their needs are incomparably greater, and the failure to receive relief from an Administration elected upon the issue of giving them relief is a measureless sorrow and affliction. We cannot for a moment believe that President McKinley intends that the Pension Bureau shall be run as it has been since Henry Clay Evans took charge of it. Everything in his character and his past history forbids such a belief. He has merely suffered it to be continued because the pressure of other duties of the deepest gravity prevented his giving it the needed attention. Now that he has a respite from these, we shall expect a most radical change, and it should begin in the office of the Commissioner.

It cannot come too soon.

Next is the long-promised, long-deferred Civil Service reform. The men whom Mr. Cleveland, in deliberate violation of Civil Service principles, turned out to make places for his henchmen have now been out over two years, and their supplanters have been for about that time drawing salaries under an Administration pledged to right the wrong. Still more, Mr. Cleveland shut the door on thousands of other veterans who are rightfully entitled to public employment by putting the places, after he had filled them with his own men, under Civil Service protection. This was a piece of partisan impudence, perpetrated after the people had declared in favor of the present Administration, and it was solely intended to deprive the victors of their just share of patronage. It was so manifestly unfair that it was confidently hoped that the annulment of it would be one of the first acts of President McKinley. It should have been. Instead, it has been allowed to continue for two years. The veterans of the country have been the greatest sufferers by it. They had the strongest claim on the places from which President Cleveland's order excluded them, and they have been anxiously awaiting its revokal.

Now let the President make the year 1899 a joyful prospect for the veterans by an immediate reform in the Pension Bureau and in the Civil Service.

CONGRESS'S POWER OVER THE TERRITORIES.

After a careful study of all the historical and legal sources of information, John Bach McMaster, the eminent historian, arrives at the firm conclusion that Daniel Webster was right in the opinion expressed in 1849 that the Territories are the property of, not part of, the United States. The Constitution is for the States alone. The only allusion to Territories is in the second clause of Sec. 2 of Article IV, which reads:

> The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful Rules and Regulations respecting the Territory or other Property belonging to the United States, and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to Prejudice any Claims of the United States or of any particular State.

Dr. McMaster concludes that in legislating for the Territories Congress has never seemed bound by the Constitutional restrictions relating to States, and cites the following instances:

It has authorized the appointment of judges who do not hold office during good behavior; it has forbidden trial by jury in cases where the value in controversy exceeds $20; it has relieved imported goods from duties in the ports of the Territories which have been collected in the ports of the States; it has exempted foreign ships from tonnage duties and light money in territorial ports which the same ships would have been forced to pay in the ports of the States.

Congress has express power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, between the States and with the Indians. The Territories are not mentioned. The right to regulate trade with them comes from the power to make "all needful rules and regulations," and is not hampered by the restriction that all duties must be uniform throughout the United States, because the Territories are not the United States, nor under the Constitution of the United States.

THE ceremonies attending the relinquishment of the severeignty of Spain over Cuba were very simple for so important an event as the final retirement of Spain from the Western world, which Columbus discovered and which for 400 years she has ruled, ravaged, plundered and oppressed. She has drawn from that world treasure enough to pay several hundredfold for all that there was of Spain when Columbus sailed. She has given language, laws, institutions, a certain amount of civilization, and a dominant population to 15 independent Nations, having a population of 40,000,000, or twice that of Spain to-day, and occupying a territory bigger than Europe. Yet all this is ended, and Jan. 1, 1899, her flag retired forever from this side the Atlantic. Soldiers speaking a tongue hardly formulated beyond barbarism when Columbus sailed, and from a nation not dreamed of for centuries after, fired a farewell salute to the flag as it fell forever, ending one great chapter in human history, and opening another and far brighter one. A few stalwart, dignified officers, representatives of the highest type of American manhood, gathered in the throne-room of the palace at Habana, where they were met by a group of dark-visaged, under-sized Spanish officers. Short speeches were made, the keys of the fortresses were handed over, American officers went to every public office and demanded possession. American bands played the Spanish national air, the Spanish flags were hauled down, the American troops presented arms, and their cannon thundered a salute; the American flag was raised, the bands played the Star Spangled Banner, the troops presented arms and the cannon saluted again, and Spain retired beyond the seas.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The Nicaragua Canal Commission has submitted its preliminary report. It states that the Commission has spent 10 months on the ground, carefully examining all the routes which have been proposed in the last 50 years, and studying their surveys and estimates and making surveys of its own. These last have been very thorough, and engaged a force of 70 surveyors, some of whom still remain in Nicaragua for the purpose of completing a full year of meteorological observations. While the construction of the canal involves some stupenduous and unusual engineering achievements, yet the Commission regard it as entirely feasible, and estimate the cost for a waterway that will accommodate the largest vessels afloat of $124,000,000. Two routes especially commend themselves—that of the Maritime Company and that surveyed by Commander Lull, U. S. N. Of the two, the Commission prefers the latter, as better and cheaper.

This report will settle several things upon which the public required authoritative information before arriving at a firm decision. The first is that the route by the way of Lake Nicaragua is entirely practicable; the next is that it is the best of all the proposed routes; the third is that its construction can be achieved at what is relatively a very moderate cost. The certain advantages will be very cheaply obtained at a cost of $124,000,000. Very often in our commercial history much money has been spent in the construction of railroads, etc., and profitably spent, where the advantages were not at all commensurate with those which will inevitably result from the construction of the Nicaragua Canal.

There is much clamor raised by the interested lobby which is opposing the canal about the inevitable corruption. There need be no more corruption about it than there is about the purchase of a barrel of flour or any other article by the Government. There is no need of a lobby to get it through Congress: everybody is in favor of it. The engineering work is readily estimable, and can be let out by competitive bidding. The Chicago Drainage Canal cost about one-fifth of the estimated cost of the Nicaragua Canal. It was satisfactorily executed, and without corruption, and there is no reason why this one should not also be.

ONE curious and somewhat funny result would follow any serious effort to put the ex-rebels on the pension-roll. Rebel writers have insisted very stubbornly on the fiction that were never but 600,000 men in their armies, of whom a large proportion were killed off before they were overwhelmed. But let there once come a chance to get on the pension-rolls, and there would be found at least 1,000,000 men in the South who would claim to have done long and arduous service for the Southern Confederacy. There would be no way to successfully dispute their claims. The rebel Government made little effort to keep accurate rolls, such as our Government did, and there is very little documentary proof of enrollment, service, and discharge. Men were conscripted wherever found, and made to serve as long as they could or the war lasted, and little or no record made of them. There are probably fully 500,000 men alive to-day who served in the rebel armies.

THERE is a show of trouble in the Philippines, but it is not portentous. The rebels have not yet been impressed with the fact that we are masters of the islands, and there has been a hesitancy to take any steps in that direction until the treaty of peace was ratified. But it seems that Gen. Miller has been acting with firmness, and when the rebels suggested a fight with him, he promptly accepted the suggestion, and insisted on the fight taking place, even though the citizens begged him to refrain. The fight did not come off, but it was because the rebels hesitated to carry out their part of the program. There may be a collision yet, and probably one will be necessary to convince Aguinaldo and his followers that we mean business, and have the power to carry out our meaning. Enough troops are being sent to Gen. Otis to make his supremacy entirely secure, and the War Department is sending forward material to connect all the principal islands by submarine cables, so that the troops can be readily concentrated at any point.

GEN. BROOKE has to begin his work in Cuba with cleaning up the palace at Habana, which is entirely too dirty to suit Mrs. Brook's ideas of housekeeping, and it will be several weeks before it can be made fit to live in.

[Si Klegg and his chum Shorty, both of the 200th Ind., at Chickamauga engage in fierce battle. Si and Shorty capture a rebel flag, but both fall in the melee. They are taken off the field in bad condition. Deacon Klegg hears about it and journeys to the hospital. He fails to be able to buy some chickens for Si's broth on account of the owner's fear of taking U. S. money. So he raids his roost in the darkness, drops a $5 bill at the feet of the owner, and dashes away in time to escape capture by the Johnnies.]

The Deacon's Culinary Operations Bring Him Lots of Trouble.

The Deacon reached the corn-crib again before daylight, and found Si and Shorty fast asleep. This relieved him much, for he had been disturbed with apprehensions of what might happen them while he was gone. Though he was more tired, it seemed to him, than he had ever been before in all his life, yet he nerved himself up to clean and cook one of the chickens, so as to give Si a delightful surprise when he awoke.

The Deacon had grown so wise in the army ways that his first problem was how to hide the remaining four fowls until he should need them.

"IF YOU DON'T SKIP OUT O' HERE THIS MINUTE I'LL BUST YOUR HEAD AS I WOULD A PUNKIN."

"I'd simply be mobbed," he communed with himself; "if daylight should come, and show me with four chickens in my possession. The whole Army o' the Cumberland'd jump me as one man, and I'd be lucky if I got away with my life. Mebbe even the General himself 'd send a regiment down to take the things away from me. But what kin I do with 'em? If I hang 'em up inside the corn-crib they'll spile. The weather is cold enough to keep 'em ontside, but I'd need a burglar proof safe to hold on to 'em. It's just awful that morals are so bad in the army, and that men will take things that don't belong to 'em."

He stopped very short, for there arose the disturbing thought as to just how he himself had come into possession of the birds, and he murmured.

"Taint in me to blame 'em. What is't the Bible says about 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone'? Certainly I'm not the man to be heavin' dornicks just now."

Mindful of past experiences, he took the fowls in one hand, when he went down to the branch with a camp-kettle to get water. He washed his face and hands in the cold water, which revived him, and returning, built a fire and hung the kettle over it, while he carefully picked and cleaned one of the chickens for cooking. Then he plucked and cleaned the others, and burned the feathers and entrails in the fire.

"Chicken feathers 's mighty tell-tale things," he said to himself. "I once knowed a man that was finally landed in the penitentiary because he didn't look out for chicken feathers. He'd bin stealin' hosses, and was hidin' with 'em in the big swamp, where nobody would've suspicioned he was, if he hadn't stole chickens from the neighborhood to live on, and left their feathers layin' around careless like, and some boys, who thought the foxes was killin' the chickens, followed up the trail and run onto him."

Then a bright idea occurred to him. He had a piece of board, which he laid on the stones that formed the foundation of one end of the crib, immediately under the flooring, and on this shelf he laid the other chickens.

"I remember that Wash Jenkins that we arrested for counterfeitin' had hid his pile o' pewter dollars in the underpinnin' of his cabin, and we'd never found any stuff to convict him, except by the merest accident. We hunted all through his cabin, below and in the loft, pulled the clapboards off, and dug up every likely place in the yard, and just about as we wuz givin' the whole thing up, somebody pulled a board out o' the underpinnin' to lay in the bed o' his wagon, and the bogus dollars run out. Wash made shoes for the State down at Jeffersonville for some years on account of that man wantin' a piece o' board for his wagon-bed."

But the astute Deacon had overlooked one thing in his calculations. The crisp morning air was filled with the pungent smell of burning feathers and flesh, and the fragrance of stewing chicken. It reached hungry men in every direction, made their mouths water and their minds wonder where it could come from.

First came a famished dog, sniffing and nosing around. His appearance filled the Deacon with alarm. Here was a danger to his hidden stock that he had not thought of. He took his resolution at once. Decoying the cur near him he fastened a sinewy hand upon his neck, cut his throat with his jack-knife, and dragged the carcass some distance away from the corn-crib.

"I'll git a mattock and shovel and bury it after awhile," he murmured to himself, as he returned and washed his hands. "He's settled for good, anyway. He won't be snoopin' around stealin' my chickens. I hope there haint no more measly hounds around. Should've thought they wuz all starved out long ago. My! but that chicken does smell so nice. How Si and Shorty will enjoy it. It'll build 'em right up. I'd like awfully to take some of it myself, but they'll need every drop, poor fellows."

He got a spoon, and tasted some of the broth appreciatively.

"Mother'd done ever so much better, at home in her own kitchen, or anywhere you could've put her, than me with my clumsy ways," he continued, "but she never cooked anything that'll taste better to them boys."

A negro cook appeared, with a tin-cup in his hand.

"Afo' de Lawd, Boss, is hit you dat's cookin' dat chicking? I done smelled hit more'n a miled away, and hab bin huntin' foh hit all ober camp. Say, Boss, foh de Lawd's sake, jist gib me a leetle, teenty, weenty sup in dis heah tin-cup for my boss. He's an ossifer, an' is layin' in de ossifer's horse-pistol ober dar. Hit'll do him a powerful sight ob good."

"Awful sorry, my friend," said the Deacon, hardening his heart, "but I haven't a bit to spare. Haint got as much as I need for my own son and his partner. I couldn't spare a mouthful for the General of the Army even. Let your Colonel or Major send out men to git chickens for himself."

"My boss'll be powehful disappunted," said the negro, with his big, white eyes full of tears. "He's powehful weak, foh sartin. A leetle sup o' broth'd do him an everlastin' world ob good. He ain't no Kunnel or Majah. He's only a Cappen—Cappen McGillicuddy, ob the 200th Injianny."

"Capt. McGillicuddy, o' the 200th Injianny," said the Deacon, much moved. "You say you're Capt. McGillicuddy's man?"

"Yes, boss."

"And he's layin' very low over in a tent there?"

"Yes, boss. Got shot in de thigh in de battle, an, den had de feber. He's de very best man in de world, an I'd do enny t'ing to help him. He's jest starvin' to def. I can't git nuffin' dat 'll lay on his stummick, and stick to his ribs. I've done ransacked de hull camp and de country clean up to Jinerul Bragg's Headquartehs. De t'ings dat I couldn't git wuz eider chained down, or had a man wid a gun ober dem. Foh Gawd's sake, boss, jist gib me a half a cupful for him."

"There's no man in the world I'd rather help than Capt. McGillicuddy," said the Deacon. "He's bin a mighty good friend to my son. I know that Si and Shorty'd divide their last crumb with him. Look here, Sambo, if I give you a cupful o' the broth and a piece o' the meat, will you git down on your knees and swear you'll take every bit straight to him, and not take even a smidjin of it for yourself?"

"De Lawd be praised an' magnified forever, but I will," said the negro, dropping on his knees and holding up his hand. "Swar me on a pile o' Bibles big as a haystack. I'd radder go to hell on my knees backward dan tetch de fust drap ob dat. I's too anxious to hab Cappen McGillicuddy git well, so I is. What'd become ob dis pore niggeh if he should die? No, indeedy. Hope I'll drap dead in my tracks if I taste de least wee mossel."

"I'm goin' to trust you," said the Deacon, stirring up the savory mess, ladling out a generous cupful, adding a drumstick, and covering the cup with a piece of paper. "Now, carry it carefully. Every drop's worth its weight in gold."

The Deacon looked a little regretful at the shrinking of the contents of the kettle, made by taking out the cupful, and said:

"Mebbe I oughtn't've done it. The boys need every spoonful. But if it'd bin themselves, I know they'd given their Captain more'n I did. He is twice blessed that giveth, and probably they'll git more somehow on account o' what I've given away. But I mustn't give no more."

"Say, Mister," said a very feeble voice at his elbow, "can't you give me a cupful o' that? It smells so good. It smells like home. I smelled it away over there in the tent, and it seemed to me that if I could get some of it I'd certainly get well, though they all say they think there's no hope for me. I crawled out of the tent and come while the nurse was asleep and wasn't watching. They won't let me get up on my feet when they're watching me, but I fooled them this time."

As he spoke, he sank down from sheer exhaustion, but still held out his cup imploringly, while an intense longing filled his great, blue eyes.

The Deacon looked pityingly at him. His wan face was fair and delicate as a girl's, and even before disease had wasted him he had been very tall and slender. Now his uniform flapped around his shrunken body and limbs.

The Deacon could not stand the appeal of those great, plaintive eyes and that wasted form.

"The Lord blesses the giver," he said, taking the cup from the thin hand, and proceeding to fill it from the kettle. "It may be that my own son will have the more from what I give this poor sick boy. It may be bread cast upon the waters. At any rate, I'm goin' to take the chances. There's still enough left for one meal for Si and Shorty, and I've four chickens left. After that the Lord'll provide. I'll do this in His name, and I'll trust Him. There, my boy, let the cup set on the ground till it cools, and then drink it, and here's a piece o' breast to go with it."

The boy could scarcely wait for the cooling, and his swimming eyes expressed a gratitude that no words could convey.

"Here, pardner, I'll take a cupful o' that 'ere, too," said a frazzled and frowsy teamster, shambling up through the half-light of the dawn. "I smelled it, and followed my nose till it brung me here. My, but it smells good. Jest fill my cup, and I'll do as much for you some time when you're hungry."

"Go away, Groundhog," said the Deacon, recognizing him. "I've only got a little here for Si and Shorty. I haint a spoonful left for myself, and none to give away. Go and git your own chickens, and bile 'em yourself."

"Can't have any, eh?" said Groundhog, swaggering up. "We'll see about that, old man. I watched you givin' away to that nigger, and this little dead-beat here, but you haint none to give me, who is doing hard work for the army, and helpin' keep 'em from starvin'. If you 've got enough for that nigger and that whinin' boy you've got enough for me, an' I'm goin' to have it, for I need it."

"You're not goin' to have a dumbed spoonful, Groundhog. Go away. I haint enough for Si and Shorty, I tell you. Go away."

"And I tell you I need it more'n they do, for I'm workin' for the whole army, while they're layin' around, makin' out they're sick. You give me a cupful o' that and I'll go away and make no trouble. If you don't I'll kick the whole kittle over. An old fool citizen like you 's got no business in camp, anyway, and no right to be havin' things that oughter to go to the laborin' men."

And he raised his foot threateningly.

The Deacon laid down the spoon with which he had been stirring the broth, and doubling his mighty fist, placed himself between Groundhog and the kettle, and said:

"Groundhog, I'm an old man, and always have bin a man o' peace. I don't believe in no kind o' fightin', nor molestin' no one. I belong to church, and 've always tried to lead a Christian life. But if you don't skip out o' here this minute, I'll bust your head as I would a punkin."

Groundhog retreated a few steps, but still kept up a show of determination.

"What are you foolin' with the ole hayseed for?" said another teamster, coming up behind Groundhog. "Slap the old hawbuck over, snatch up the kittle and run with it. I'll do it if you don't!"

"Go for 'em, Deacon; I'm with you. We kin lick both of 'em," shouted Shorty, who had been awakened by the noise of the dispute, and came tottering out, trying to raise a stick of wood for a club.

At that moment a rebel cannon roared on Lookout Mountain, just over them, and the wicked screech of a shell cleft the air. Both of the teamsters dropped on the ground in a paralysis of fear.

"The rebels 've got a new battery planted on the mountain," said Shorty, turning to study the smoke that drifted away, in order to get its location.

"The shell struck right over there, and haint bursted yet," said the sick boy, looking up from sipping his broth, and pointing to a spot a short distance away. "I can hear the hissing of the fuse."

The teamsters sprang up like jacks-in-the-box, and ran with all the power of their legs. By the time the explosion came they were hundreds of yards away.

A column of dirt and stones was thrown up, of which a little sprinkle reached the fire. Thousands of voices yelled derisively at the rebel gunner.

"They're shootin' wuss and wuss every day," remarked Shorty, after judicially considering the shot and making comparisons with its predecessors. "They'll git so after awhile that they can't hit the Tennessee Valley."

"Shorty," said the Deacon, "take this revolver and watch that kittle while I wash Si's face, and git him ready for his breakfast. If you let anybody git away with it you lose your breakfast. If I ever go into restaurantin' for a bizniss, I'm goin' to find a quieter neighborhood than Chattanoogy. I aint exactly grumblin', so to speak, but there's enough excitement before breakfast every mornin' to last me a full year."

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

Past Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief Francis B. Allen has written an excellent letter to the Hartford Courant protesting against some fallacious war-history published in that paper, in which it is asserted that "Buell saved what little there was to save at Shiloh." Comrade Allen points out the material assistance of the gunboats Tyler and Lexington in repulsing the last attack made by the rebels on Grant's army. Then Grant, with indomitable gallantry, gathered the remainder of his army together, and, reinforced by Gen. Lew Wallace's fresh division, got ready to renew the battle the next day, and with the aid of Buell's army drove the rebels off the field. Comrade Allen then goes on to point out other instances where the aid of the gunboats on the Western rivers was invaluable, and turned the scale of victory in favor of the Union.

Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt has been relieved of the command of the Philippines, and ordered to resume command of the Department of the East. Maj.-Gen. Wm. R. Shafter has been relieved of the command of the Department of the East and ordered to assume that of the Department of California, relieving Maj.-Gen. Henry C. Merriam.

Past Commander-in-Chief Geo. S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, is to be the editor of a new, high-class insurance journal, entitled Insurance Topics. He is unusually well qualified for this duty, having been a successful journalist all his life, and for 10 years Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, when he introduced some striking reforms into insurance methods, which have been generally copied by other States.

Admiral Thos. O. Selfridge, who as a young officer was one of the few men to escape from the Cumberland at the time the old wooden frigate made her disastrous battle with the ironclad Merrimac, has been put on the retired list on account of age, and will make his home in Washington.

Capt. Casper F. Goodrich, who commanded the cruiser St. Louis during the Spanish war, has presented to the State of Connecticut a Hotchkiss cannon which was used against us on board the Viscaya. The Governor accepted the gift; the gun was cleaned up at the Colt's Armory, and a plate put on it telling its history. It was escorted to the State House last week by a procession consisting of the National Guard, the G.A.R., Naval Veterans and Sons of Veterans.

Army and Navy.

Maj.-Gen. Francis V. Greene arrived in Washington last week, and reported at the War Department, where he resigned his commission as an officer in the volunteer army preparatory to his return to private life. Gen. Greene took part in the campaign in the Philippines, and subsequently did effective work in Havana, after the death of Col. Waring, in improving the sanitary conditions there.

Work of the Pension Office.

The report of certificates issued for the week ending Dec. 24 shows—

Army invalid: Original, 23; increase and additional, 144; reissue, 28; restoration and renewal, 27; duplicate, 31; accrued, 100; total, 373.

Army invalid (act June 27, 1890): Original, 241; increase, 113; additional, 54; reissue, 13; restoration and renewal, 31; supplementals, 3; duplicate, 63; accrued, 143; total, 661.

Army widow, etc.: Original, 60; duplicate, 18; accrued, 2; total, 80.

Army widow, etc. (act June 27, 1890): Original, 211; reissue, 2; supplementals, 1; duplicate, 12; accrued, 3; total, 229.

Navy invalid: Original, 1; increase and additional, 2; duplicate, 1; accrued, 2; total, 6.

Navy invalid (act June 27, 1890): Original, 16; increase and additional, 5; reissue, 1; duplicate, 1; accrued, 3; total, 26.

Navy widow: Original, 3.

Navy widow, etc. (act June 27, 1890): Original, 1.

Indian Wars—Survivors: Accrued, 4.

Indian Wars—Widows: Original, 5.

Old War—Invalid: Accrued, 1.

Mexican War—Survivors: Original, 1; increase and additional, 2; duplicate, 2; accrued, 13; total, 18.

Mexican War—Widows: Original, 15.

Totals: Original, 582; increase and additional, 320; reissue, 44; restoration and renewal, 58; supplementals, 4; duplicate, 148; accrued, 271. Grand total, 1,427.